

The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 53 to 63 Park Row, New York.
RALPH PULITZER, President, 63 Park Row.
J. AUGUS SHAW, Treasurer, 63 Park Row.
JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 63 Park Row.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.
The Associated Press is entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches received by it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also the local news published herein.

VOLUME 58.....NO. 20,678

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, A.C. REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUG. 24, 1912, OF THE EVENING WORLD, PUBLISHED DAILY, EXCEPT SUNDAY, AT NEW YORK, N. Y., FOR MARCH 30, 1918.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Ralph Pulitzer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the President of the Press Publishing Co., publishers of The Evening World, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management and circulation of the said paper, the circulation, &c., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above system, required by the Act of Aug. 24, 1912, embodied in section 448, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the name and address of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are:
Publisher—The Press Publishing Co., 53-63 Park Row, New York City, N. Y.
Editor—Frank L. Cobb, 53-63 Park Row, New York City, N. Y.
Managing Editor—J. M. Tennant, 53-63 Park Row, New York City, N. Y.
Business Manager—Don C. Betts, 53-63 Park Row, New York City, N. Y.
Financial Manager—F. D. White, 53-63 Park Row, New York City, N. Y.

2. That the names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of the total amount of stock: The Press Publishing Co., 53-63 Park Row, New York City, N. Y.
Stockholders—Newspaper trustees of the estate of Joseph Pulitzer:
Ralph Pulitzer, 53-63 Park Row, New York City, N. Y.
Herbert Pulitzer, 53-63 Park Row, New York City, N. Y.
Joseph Pulitzer Jr., Post Dispatch, St. Louis, Mo.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, and also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affirmations and beliefs as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is 597,191.

THE PRESS PUBLISHING CO., Ralph Pulitzer, President.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of March, 1918.
(Notary Public.)
(My commission expires March 30, 1918.) EDMUND D. TITUS.

INTO THE THICK OF IT.

BY TO-DAY the American Army in France may be already playing its part under Gen. Foch, Supreme Commander of the Allied Forces, in the great action in Picardy.

Americans at home were deeply stirred yesterday by despatches that described the long processions of men, horses, artillery and camions moving through the towns and over the open roads of France as Uncle Sam's boys went singing on their way to the biggest battle in the world's history.

Nothing could have roused American enthusiasm to a higher pitch than the prompt acceptance by France of the full American strength at Gen. Pershing's disposal to help meet the present emergency.

Nothing could have better satisfied American judgment and strengthened American confidence than that unification of military command which this Nation had urged upon the Allies.

Under Commander Foch the strongest force the United States can as yet contribute will be applied by an experienced, thoroughly tried General whose capacity has been evident since the Marne. Whether he throws the American troops immediately against the German offensive or holds them for the counter blow the Allies are expected presently to strike, it is certain that in his hands the fighting power of the United States Army now in France will not be wasted.

How long this battle will last no man can say. In the case of Verdun the German advance was halted in five days, but at the end of five months the battle was still in progress. If the present action develops a proportional magnitude, many more American soldiers will be rushed overseas and many more American columns will march singing to the front before the victory is won.

The Stars and Stripes are now in the thick of it. They have got to have all the unflinching, increasing support of men, guns, aeroplanes and supplies that American energy working at top speed can load on ships.

The House refuses to agree to the Senate Agricultural Bill Amendment increasing the Government wheat price guarantee to \$2.50 per bushel.

But in the mean time the mere probability that Congress can and will meddle with the price of wheat recently fixed by the President has been enough to cause farmers to hold back great quantities of wheat on the chance of bigger profits.

At the present moment to hoard wheat is to put a heavy drag on the Allies.

Is Congress going to encourage the keeping back of this all important war aid by a long wrangle over wheat prices?

A BIG DIFFERENCE.

THE shooting of a New York gambler known to be in touch with the District Attorney's Office, and in a position to furnish information highly damaging to other gamblers in the city, naturally recalls the Rosenthal case.

But the city can congratulate itself that, in a sense more important from the point of view of public safety and order, the parallel with the Rosenthal case is so far imperfect.

There is no reason to think that behind the killing of Harry Cohen there is any Becker to shock New Yorkers into new distrust of a Police Force which has been proving itself worthy of their confidence. The gambler's code has not ceased to embrace pistol action on occasions. A gambler's row based on fear of an informer is quite sufficient to account for the murder of Cohen.

The New York Police have certainly earned the right to have the killing of a gambler at the present time kept distinct in the public mind from the past scandals of the Rosenthal-Becker case.

High on the crest of a Syrian hill,
Old Joshua made the sun stand still.
In modern days we do it better.
Time, not the sun, becomes the quitter.

Newest Things in Science

Statistics have shown that American telephone operators answer calls two seconds quicker than their English cousins.

Experiments in rice cultivation in Porto Rico give promise of the island becoming an important producer of that grain.

To avoid pressure on the nose or ears a Nebraska inventor has patented eyeglasses that are suspended from a head band.

Practically all of the electric power used in the Italian city of Milan is obtained from hydroelectric plants in the Alps.

Weary Willie!



Fables of Everyday Folk

By Sophie Irene Loeb

ONCE upon a time there was a woman whom everybody disliked. The woman lived alone.

She had a little income and therefore was somewhat independent. She did not take any community interest, and those of her neighbors who ventured in to see her always came back with the report "She is sour on life. She has an ugly disposition, &c." and therefore people gradually avoided her.

As the years went by, even the little children pointed to the house where the woman lived and whispered in fear. For when she came out to make purchases for her needs, she did not look to the right nor left, but kept strictly to her business with solemn face and silent mien.

This continued for many years and the woman grew gray. Once in a long time a distant relative or lawyer came to adjust family or business matters. But no one ever visited her for any length of time. Thus she grew to be regarded as a "mysterious" person. Every attempt to draw her out in common interest with other people proved unavailing.

Now it came to pass that war was declared and many soldiers went to the front. The neighborhood, therefore, was one largely made up of women and children. Also at the same time some children of the district contracted a child's disease—a disease rather fatal in many cases, and it seemed difficult to check.

One day the old woman was seen coming down the street carrying a child, and there was much talk among the neighbors. No one ever heard the little one cry, and they began to whisper among themselves. A few days later the woman was seen carrying another child into her home, and soon after still another. There was more wonder and wonder, and now suspicion was aroused because of the disagreeable impression the woman had created in all the years. Pretty soon an excited citizen called a meeting—somewhat of an indignation meeting. The matter was discussed pro and con, and everybody feared the worst. They decided to notify the police and have the woman arrested. It was their duty. Of course, none of their children were missing, they

argued, but how could respectable people live under such conditions and not do something about it?

It was an easy matter to secure the police after a committee called at the station and made the complaint. An officer, with two or three of the prominent fathers, knocked at the door of the old woman. She answered it herself and asked the officer what he wanted.

He had a warrant on some pretext, but the main thing was to look about the house. The woman was indignant and defiant at first, but finally allowed him to go through, and this is what he found. There were two white-capped nurses from the finest hospital in the city taking care of three stricken little children—children the woman had secured from an orphanage and had adopted for her very own.

The rooms were delightfully sunny and clean, and there was no better home hospital in the best residence. The intruders were astonished and began to apologize, and the woman spoke something like this:

"I am glad your curiosity has been appeased. Always, always have you been curious about me. You would not take me into your confidence and ask me to help you. You did not try to make me one of you, but rather made me the freak of the neighborhood. I love little children, but I shrank from their frightened gaze. Years ago I lost a precious one, and when I came here to live alone you pried on me and brought out the resentful side of me only."

"There is another side, as you can see. Every person in the world has it if you only know how to reach it: it is the vulnerable side of their make-up. If you know how to bring it out it is surely there."

The good citizens were amazed. Later the woman founded a big hospital in the neighborhood for children and in her old age became the most beloved of them all. They learned this moral:

Every person has shown their good side to some one some time, and if you find them disagreeable it is a sure sign that you have called out the wrong side.

NEW AUTO LAMP.

A patent has been granted for a electric lamp so mounted in an automobile door as to illuminate the running board when the door is open and the floor of a car when it is closed.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

YOU don't often give me the pleasure of entertaining you," said Mrs. Jarr to the visiting lady from East Malaria. "I think I shall have some of my women friends spend the evening with us—that would be much nicer than going to the theatre or cabaret, especially in war time when we should be serious in our pleasures. Don't you think so too?"

Mrs. Jenkins said "Oh, to be sure! It's dreadful how people can go out to theatres and cabarets such times as these!" But her enthusiasm in so coinciding was forced. As she said afterward, if she had to sit in the house after dinner she could do that at home in her suburban cottage at East Malaria. But when one is in the big city one should have a big time.

"Then I'll call up Mrs. Rangle and Clara Mudridge-Smith on the telephone and ask them to come over after supper and bring their knitting or the clothes they are repairing for the poor Belgians or the poor Armenians," added Mrs. Jarr.

"I should think it's about time those men got home," remarked Mrs. Jenkins when Mrs. Jarr came back from the telephone. "Doesn't it occur to you that every time I have come up here to your home after being in town shopping and my husband was to come up from the office with your husband that those two men NEVER do get here together till all hours?"

Mrs. Jarr had never considered it before. But it was a fact. "I do not wish to appear unduly anxious about Mr. Jenkins," the lady from the suburbs went on, "but we had a few words the other day—and have had fewer since."

"You haven't been speaking to him?" Mrs. Jarr inquired. Mrs. Jenkins nodded assent.

Still the hours sped on, even the extra hour of daylight saving, but the husbands of the waiting ladies came not.

After the manner of the movies we will make a cut back to Mr. Jarr and Mr. Jenkins meeting after office hours were over, as per arrangement.

"Well," remarked Mr. Jarr, "shall we hustle home? I'm to stop and get a steak at the jewelry store. I mean a beefsteak steak."

"Nobody's going to make a monkey of me!" said Mr. Jenkins sullenly. "Whatcha mean by that?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"We've been having trench warfare at home the last day or so," replied Mr. Jenkins. "And now this monkey of my wife to come to me

Bachelor Girl Reflections

By Helen Rowland

SOLDIERETTES! WHEN the last debauche has gone nursing. And the last "parasite" ceased to sulk. And the last "clinging-vine" is a farmer.

And the last "blackerette" is at work. We shall labor with brain and with body. We shall labor from early till late. No longer a plaything—or burden—But Woman—man's partner and MATE!

Between the temptations of spring and the impetus of war, marriage, which was almost extinct, is becoming a positive epidemic. Oh, well, buy your June wedding presents early. Give them a Liberty Bond!

A man spends all day Sunday motoring in the country trying to forget his business troubles, and then spends all week down at the office trying to forget his tire-troubles.

One of the bitterest disappointments of a woman's life is to have a husband who talks in his sleep but never says anything interesting that she can ask him to "explain" next morning.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder, but it also makes the head grow steeper and cures you of that "dizzy feeling" caused by propinquity or moonlight.

What WOULD a man be without a lot of women to watch over him—first, a mother to make him keep his face clean, later a teacher to make him keep his hands clean, and finally, a wife to make him keep his morals and his reputation clean?

It must be awfully amusing for a soldier just back from the front to watch the "exciting" incidents of a cowboy motion-picture drama.

Speaking of the Third Liberty Loan, who was it said, "If you can't go across, COME ACROSS?"

A hint to husbands: To swear is human—to forbear, refined.

Horse Still Indispensable in War.

THE reports that cavalry is being actively used on both sides in Germany's latest and most formidable attack, disposes finally of the assertion, often repeated, that the day of the horse in warfare had ended. Even in the transport service, the charge was never true; gasoline plays a great part, but the horse and his gloomy half brother, the mule, can go where no motor could turn a wheel. They are indispensable in war. Past scores of trucks hopelessly stalled in the mud of Flanders and up the steep mountains of the Italian front, horses, mules and donkeys have plodded, dragging artillery or laden with food, ammunition and the countless things needed to sustain an army. In the days when cavalry delivered the final, crushing blow in battle, say horses

to four men was considered necessary; 12,000 are now allotted to a German army corps of 45,000 men. To provide these, the Prussians encouraged horse breeding in Austria-Hungary, and in the three months before the war bought half a million horses, 300,000 of them from France. Great horse hospitals close behind the Teuton lines save about one-third of the animals injured or stricken with disease. In spite of this, Germany is now able to secure only one-half of the 450,000 fresh animals she requires each year.

During the first two years of the war the Allies imported more than a million and a half horses, a million of them from the United States. From the battle of the Marne to November, 1917, 350,000 horses were required to handle the French units; the British used half a million in their offensive.